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Beach Stroll

John Kendall

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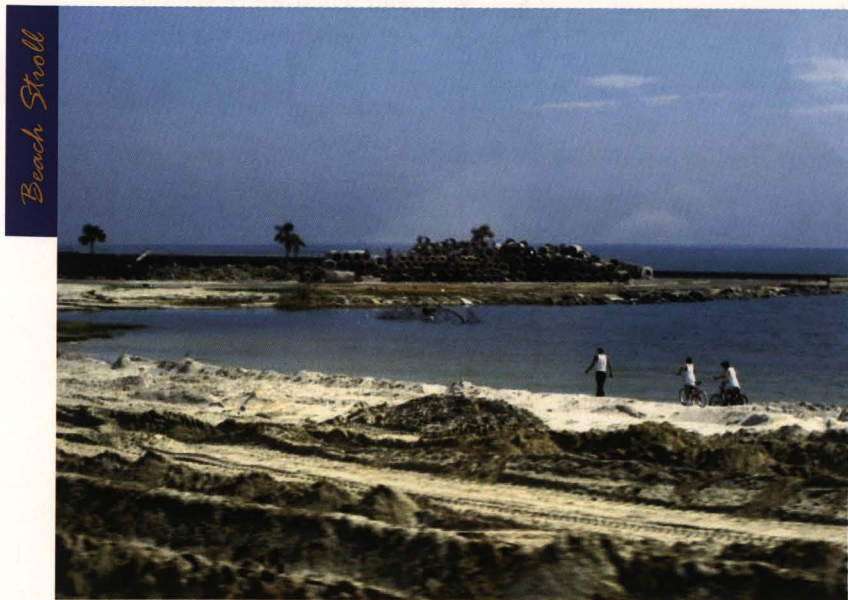
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carries the perfect number of cars at any given moment.

And there are little grey and white docks, with little blue and yellow boats attached to them. Without the wind, the starchy stalks on the shore could have been of green and yellow glass. The shape of the beach itself was very simple—it did not curve, but it didn't seem to extend in one direction forever. It was just elided into the skyline.

Maybe that's not how it really looked. I asked him what it's (technically, geographically) supposed to be, and he said it's just part of the big bay, and therefore would, in fact, have curved. But I don't remember that, or our particular position on the bay made it look different. Either way, this is what my memory resurrects—a single stretch of silver, with no foreseeable end or direction, and glamorously fuzzy on either side. That was the beach, and the hour, and the whole thing, really. He has become that place—since then, I've never seen him without the clear, cold Atlantic, the little bright stones, and the wind that glazed the sand and our skin. No foreseeable end or direction, etc.



Beach Stroll

—John Kendall

The sun started setting, and we were tired, and hungry. Had I been even just a year younger, I wouldn't have wanted to leave. But I wasn't, and I've become an expert in knowing what's beautiful and how to abandon it. Without any assurance of return (and let's face it, what were the odds), I knew that on this particular scrap of earth, beside a lover no longer mine, I was experiencing all of innocence at once. It was unnerving, and permanent.

We found a spot closer to the parking lot in which to wash our feet, and to try to make it back without getting more sand in our shoes. The plan failed rather badly, and my footprints on the way back looked much tinier than they should have.

—Meg Hustado